THE PACIFIC.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, devoted to Religion, Education and General news; under the control of the General Association of California.

It is the organ of no sect or party—started with no purpose of gain, and pledged to the great interests of religion and education—it commends itself to the consideration and support of every citizen of California.

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For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

WHERE IS MY BOY TO-NIGHT?

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

When the clouds in the western sky
Flush red with the setting sun;
When the veil of twilight falls,
And the busy day is done;
I sit and watch the clouds,
With their crimson hues alight,
And ponder with anxious heart—
Oh, where is my boy to-night?

It is just a year to-day
Since he bade me a gay good-bye,
To march where banners float
And the deadly missiles fly.
As I marked his martial step,
I felt my color rise,
With all a mother's pride,
And my heart was in my eyes.

There's a little room close by
Where I often used to creep
In the hush of the summer night,
To watch my boy asleep.
But he who used to rest
Beneath the spread so white
Is far away from me now—
Oh, where is my boy to-night?

Perchance in the gathering night,
With slow and weary feet,
By the light of Southern stars,
He paces his lonely beat.
Does he think of the mother's heart
That will never cease to yearn,
As only a mother's can,
For her absent boy's return?

Oh, where is my boy to-night?
I cannot answer where,
But I know that where'er he is,
He is under our Father's care.
May He guard and guide and bless
My boy, wherever he be,
And bring him back at length
To bless and to comfort me.

May God bless all our boys
By the camp-fires' ruddy glow,
Or when in the deadly fight
They front the embattled foe;
And comfort each mother's heart,
As she sits in the fading light,
And ponders with anxious heart—
Where is my boy to-night?

—*Boston Transcript.*

[For the Pacific.]

EXCELSIOR.

One of our distinguished clergymen from the east, who is not only a popular and successful preacher, but is also a deep student in nature's school; deriving lessons of wisdom from all the little events of life, and seeing God everywhere; one of whom it may truly be said, that he finds

"Books in the leafy trees; tongues in the running brooks;
Sermons in stones and good in everything,"

visited Europe a few years ago, when he expressed a strong desire to see the true English lark, and to hear its beautiful song in its own native land. He had spent some days in England before this desire was gratified. At length, one bright Sabbath morning, as he was walking through the fragrant ferns, listening to the flow of the "bonny beek," up sprang the modest bird, he had so longed to see. As it leaped into the air from the purple bloom at his feet, it commenced that thrilling song for which all true Englishmen so dearly love it. It was so near that at first its notes seemed somewhat harsh and shrill, not quite pleasing; but as it mounted higher, with each additional leap in its heavenward flight, its song became more soft, tender and delicate; more in unison with those of that blest realm to which it seemed to be aspiring. He watched and listened to catch the sweet melody; straining his eyes to keep sight of that fast receding speck, as it neared the beautiful blue sky; eagerly listening to hear the least faint note, so thrilling for its very tenderness, as it floated down from those ethereal regions.

He looked and listened until long after the tiny thing had disappeared; until the melting music had ceased to reach his ears; and even then he seemed to see it still, transformed into a brighter and more beautiful creature; its grey pinions bleached to the purest white. He seemed to hear it still, its earthly song changed to the rapturous strains of the celestial land. It seemed to him for the moment, as if that little birdling, which left the earth at his very feet, and mounted by successive stages so far above it, singing, as it rose, had entered the pearly gates, and that the songs which now filled his enraptured soul, were those the angels love to sing around the throne of God in Heaven."

Thus may children learn to sing their beautiful Sabbath School songs until they imbibe the heavenly sentiments those songs contain, to the exclusion of the more sharp, shrill, less pleasing earthly ones; sing of Jesus, until their hearts were filled with his love; of the white-robed angels, until their own souls are mantled with divine grace; sing of heaven, and mount upward as they sing, until they breathe in so much of its purity, and drink so deeply at its fountain of holiness, that their lives shall become one triumphant song, by which their progress thither may be marked and remembered long after they have passed through the blessed portals, and by which those friends who seem to see and hear them still, after they have joined the angelic band, shall themselves be drawn up thither to increase the number of the ransomed throng.

The Pacific.

First Pure, then Peaceable—without Partiality and without Hypocrisy.

VOLUME XIII. SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1864. NUMBER 36.

Thus, many older Christians, now grovelling amid the pleasures and weary cares of earth, leap above them, and mount upward to God, singing as they rise, with joy and gladness, those precious songs which shall become sweeter, purer, and more soul-stirring as they approach nearer the golden streets, and the tree of life; and which shall float down to earth bearing the treasures of Gilead to multitudes of poor, wounded, sin-sick souls, to purchase for them an inheritance in the mansions of the blest.

Y. F.

[For the Pacific.]

CRITICISM UPON THE "RAINY DAY."

Who has not enjoyed the exquisite sentiment and melodious rhythm of "The Rainy Day?" How often has its tender pathos, enforced by a peculiar and plaintive strain of music, thrilled the hearts of both the grave and the gay. And yet the Christian poet seems, in this one instance, to have stopped abruptly in his train of thought. The last lines contain the terse epitome and elegant embodiment of all the comfort which natural religion, with a stoical view of destiny, can furnish to sorrow. But the beautiful dome of poetic thought lacks the spire, pointing heavenward, of a Christian hope. To the three stanzas of the poet, a fourth stanza is here appended. From the well-merited charge of presumption the author shelters himself, lurking in the deep shadow thrown by the broad shield of obscurity.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the day is dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

Yet, on the Church's bridal morning,
From the crystal crown her brow adorning,
Forth will flash, in fadeless forms,
Those gusts of rain from Sorrow's storms,
Those days that were dark and dreary.

First Congregational Sunday School.

Annual Report of the Superintendent, presented August 21st, 1864.

In presenting our annual report, we would, first of all, gratefully acknowledge the manifold mercies that have attended us, and in the varied experiences of the year, note, that in all, mercy and goodness has constantly encircled us, and no cloud has rested upon us without its "silver lining." While we recognize the the "long suffering" of our Saviour, and his abiding protection, in that so few of our number have been "called hence to be here no more." We regret that so few have enrolled their names among the members of his visible church—although in this the "Good Shepherd" has not called in vain; some have given heed to that call, and are now rejoicing in the sweet assurance and blessed hope of the children of God.

Our school has felt, and mourns the loss we have sustained by our beloved Pastor being so suddenly stricken down by disease, and would here record his constant, unchanging interest and love toward us, and ever following him with our prayers, would cherish in grateful remembrance his love and tenderness so manifest in all his relations to us—leaving for us an example worthy of all imitation.

The school has held its sessions uninterruptedly during the entire year; most of the Teachers, and the Librarian, being in attendance promptly and regularly. The average attendance for the year has been 372; only six less than the previous year, while for nearly the half of the entire year, we have been without a pastor, the attendance giving us pleasing evidence of the continued interest of the scholars, the constancy and faithfulness of the Teachers. From our Treasurer's report you will learn that we are out of debt, and also the amounts contributed by the different divisions of the school. The Teachers are furnished with the *Sunday School Times*, fifty copies of which are taken by the school. Three hundred copies each of the Sabbath school papers, "*Child at Home*," and "*Child's Paper*," are received by the scholars. Our Library should be replenished during the coming year, and we trust that in this respect, and privilege, our church will not suffer the school to be retarded or restricted in its noble work. From our missionaries, J. Kapali and wife, in Micronesia, we continue to receive the most cheering intelligence; their labors have been greatly blessed, and we are permitted to rejoice in the assurance that thus indirectly we are giving to the islands of the Pacific, that glorious gospel which is to all who will receive it, "the power of God unto salvation."

While thus briefly reviewing the past, we would not lose sight of *present* responsibilities. Never before have there existed greater incentives to untiring zeal and faithfulness; never before have the youth of our city felt so strongly the pressure of worldliness—Sabbath desecration so alarmingly prevalent—the absence of the Bible as a text book from our public schools—and the usual distracting influences of a large city, are beginning to bring forth their legitimate fruits, thus urging us to renewed consecration of all our powers in this most encouraging department of Christian labors. Permit me to express to you *all*, the conviction that more and more impresses me, that the Sabbath School work is the *most* important, the *most* hopeful, and the *most* promising now before the Christian Church. The religious education of our youth neglected, and the future has no light for us; therefore, *every* member of Christ's church, *every* lover of his country, should be engaged directly or indirectly in this work. To you, fellow Teachers, who have borne so cheerfully the burthens and responsibilities of your position, and to us *all*, the Master is speaking in his word, and by his providences of the year, to "do quickly, and with our *might*, what our hands find to do;" leaning upon and taking courage from the promise that he is ever with those who proclaim his truth, knowing that "his word shall not return to him void."

L. B. BENCHLEY, Superintendent.

San Francisco, August 21st, 1864.

Laying of the Corner Stone of the First Presbyterian Church of Placerville.

The corner stone of the new edifice about to be erected by the First Presbyterian Church of this city was laid on Monday evening, August 15th, at 6 o'clock. The hour for the ceremony was happily chosen; the lengthening shadows of departing day not only affording protection from the heat of the sun, but also adding to the impressiveness and solemnity of the occasion.

The exercises began by singing the hymn

"Lord of Hosts! to Thee we raise,
Here a house of prayer and praise."

After which appropriate selections from Scripture were read, and prayer offered by the pastor of the church.

The address was delivered by Rev. Henry Kendall, D. D., of New York, which was most felicitious and timely. His delineation of the permanency and aggressive character of the church; of its educating power in society; its taking possession of the center of influence, and radiating outward; its decided stand on the side of order, right, and constituted authority; its support to morals and virtue, and its meeting the felt wants of our spiritual nature, leading to God and heaven; and supplying ministrations in sorrow, misfortune and death, were clearly and impressively drawn. The allusions to the position of the Presbyterian church on the subject of slavery and the rebellion were forcible and well put. The entire address was instructive and eloquent, and will long remain in the memory of those who were present.

At the close of the address, the choir sang an anthem selected for the occasion.

The corner stone was then laid by the pastor, Rev. C. C. Wallace, with the assistance of the head mason. A tin box had been prepared, in which was deposited the various articles selected for preservation. After giving a brief history of the church, and the preliminary steps taken towards the erection of the new house, a list of the articles was read, of which the following is a summary:

Copy of the New Testament; Confession of Faith and Shorter Catechism; Tracts on Presbyterian Doctrines and Order; Presbyterian Almanac; Annual Report of Home Missions; Report of Christian Commission; Bulletin of Sanitary Commission; Almanac of Pacific States; Placerville Directory; Act of Re-incorporation; Report on Placerville and Sacramento Valley Railroad; Circular of Pacific Female College and of Placerville Academy; Placerville Daily and Weekly News; Central Californian, 1860; Sacramento Daily Union; San Francisco Daily Alta; PACIFIC; Christian Advocate; New York Evangelist; Observer; Independent; American Messenger and Child's Paper; Tract Journal and Child at Home; Greenbacks and Postage Currency; Vignettes of present and former Pastors, together with a history of the church, including date of organization; Ministers; Elders; list of present members; description of the new edifice; Architect; Building committee, etc.

The box was then deposited and the stone laid after the usual manner, when the audience united in singing the doxology, and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. T. S. Dunn, of the Methodist Episcopal church.

Thus ended one of the most interesting exercises ever held in this city, after which the large assembly dispersed, wishing the prosperity of the church and the speedy completion of their new house of worship.—*Placerville Daily News.*

To the People of the United States.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
July 25th, 1864.

* * * I am encouraged in the belief that by the recent legislation of Congress, our finances may soon be placed upon a sounder and more stable footing. The present deranged condition of the currency is imputable, in a great degree, to disturbances arising from the withdrawal of necessary checks, often inevitable in time of war, when expenditures must largely exceed any possible supply of coin. The opportunities thus presented to acquire sudden wealth, have led to vicious speculation, a consequent increase of prices, and violent fluctuation. The remedy is to be found only in controlling the necessity which begets the evil. Hitherto we have felt the need of more extensive and vigorous taxation. Severe comment has been made upon what seemed to many an undue timidity and tardiness of action, on the part of Congress, in this regard. I deem it but just to say, that very great misapprehension has existed, and perhaps still exists, upon this point. Legislators, like all others, have much to learn in a new condition of affairs. An entirely new system was to be devised, and that system must necessarily be the growth of time and experience. It is not strange that first efforts should have proved imperfect and inadequate. To lay heavy burdens on a great and patriotic people in such a manner as to be equal, and as to occasion the least amount of suffering or annoyance, requires time and caution, and vast labor; and, with all these, experience is needful to test the value of the system, and correct its errors. Such has been the work which Congress was called upon to perform. I am happy to say that daily results are proving the Internal Revenue Act to exceed in efficiency the most sanguine expectations of its authors. In the month of June, 1863, it yielded about four and one-half millions of dollars, while the corresponding month of this year, returned about fifteen millions, under the same law. Under the new law, which went into operation on the first day of the present month, the Treasury not unfrequently receives one million in a day. As time and experience enable the officers employed in collecting the revenue to enforce the stringent provisions of the new law, I trust that a million per day will be found the rule and not the exception. Still, much space is undoubtedly left for improvement in the law, and in its administration, as a greater amount of necessary information is acquired. The proper sources of revenue, and the most effective modes of obtaining it, are best developed in the execution of existing laws. And I have caused measures to be initiated which will, it is believed, enable Congress so to improve and enlarge the system as, when taken in connection with the revenue from customs, and other sources, to afford an ample and secure basis for the national credit. Only on such basis, and in a steady and vigorous restraint upon currency, can a remedy be found for existing evils. Such restraint can only be exercised when the government is furnished with means to provide for its necessities. But without the aid of a patriotic people, any government is powerless, for this or any other desirable end.

The denominations of the notes proposed to be issued, ranging from fifty to five thousand dollars, place these securities within the reach of all who are disposed to aid their country. For their redemption the faith and honor and property of that country are solemnly pledged. A successful issue to this contest now believed to be near at hand, will largely enhance their value to the holder; and peace once restored, all burdens can be lightly borne. He who selfishly withholds his aid in the hope of turning his available means to greater immediate profit, is speculating upon his country's misfortunes, and may find that what seems to be present gain, leads only to future loss. I appeal, therefore, with confidence to a loyal and patriotic people, and invoke the efforts of all who love their country, and desire for it a glorious future, to aid their government in sustaining its credit, and placing that credit upon a stable foundation.

W. P. FESSENDEN,
Secretary of the Treasury.

Proposals for Loan.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
July 25, 1864.

Notice is hereby given, that subscriptions will be received by the Treasurer of the United States, the several Assistant Treasurers and Designated Depositories, and by the National Banks designated and qualified as Depositaries and Financial Agents, for Treasury Notes payable three years from August 15, 1864, bearing interest at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent. per annum, with semi-annual coupons attached, payable in lawful money.

These notes will be convertible at the option of the holder at maturity, into six per cent. gold bearing bonds, redeemable after five, and payable twenty years from August 15th, 1867.

The Notes will be issued in the denominations of fifty, one hundred, five hundred, one thousand, and five thousand dollars, and will be issued in blank, or payable to order, as may be directed by the subscribers.

All subscriptions must be for fifty dollars, or some multiple of fifty dollars.

Duplicate certificates will be issued for all deposits. The party depositing must endorse upon the *original* certificates the denomination of notes required, and whether they are to be issued in blank or payable to order. When so endorsed it must be left with the officer receiving the deposit, to be forwarded to this Department.

The notes will be transmitted to the owners free of transportation charges, as soon after the receipt of the original Certificates of Deposit as they can be prepared.

Interest will be allowed to August 15th, on all deposits made prior to that date, and will be paid by the Department upon receipt of the original certificates.

As the notes draw interest from August 15th, persons making deposits subsequent to that date must pay the interest accrued from date of note to date of deposit.

Parties depositing twenty-five thousand dollars and upwards for these notes at any one time, will be allowed a commission of one-quarter of one per cent., which will be paid by this Department upon the receipt of a bill for the amount, certified to by the officer with whom the deposit was made. No deductions for commissions must be made from the deposits.

Officers receiving deposits will see that the proper endorsements are made upon the original certificates.

All officers authorized to receive deposits are requested to give to applicants all desired information, and afford every facility for making subscriptions.

W. P. FESSENDEN,
Secretary of the Treasury.

A Cooking Wagon for the Army of the Potomac.

A novel invention has been exhibited in Philadelphia, attracting much attention. It was a cooking wagon, presented to the United States Christian Commission, by a patriotic gentleman of that city. It was drawn by two fine horses. The cooking wagon consists of three boilers for making tea, coffee and soup. From the furnace of each of these boilers a smoke pipe rises, giving the machine the resemblance of a steam fire engine. Each boiler holds fourteen gallons, and is capable, while on the march, with good fuel, of boiling ten gallons each every twenty minutes, and when stationary they will boil twelve gallons each in the same time, which would be from ninety to one hundred and eight gallons per hour. The machine is coupled together like a piece of artillery, and can be unlimbered and part of it sent after more provisions or wood, if necessary.

The provision chest, which is on the front part of the wagon, is fitted with japanned cans for holding respectively one hundred pounds of sugar, thirty pounds of ground coffee, twelve pounds of tea, twenty pounds of corn starch, and thirty pounds of extract of beef.

Two tin buckets accompany the machine, for the purpose of carrying water, soup, or coffee, to any distant portion of the field; also two gridirons, for toasting bread or broiling meats; and an axe, with which to cut wood for the furnaces. Under the wagon is a box, in which the fuel is carried.

The boilers in which tea and coffee are made contain a perforated strainer on top, into which the tea or coffee is put, and which prevents the leaves and sediment from being drawn off with the liquid.

It is said that enough food can be cooked in this wagon to feed four hundred men at one time. It will prove of great use to the Commission's extensive operations in the Army of the Potomac.

The Christian Commission in the Army of the Potomac.

LETTER FROM THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMISSION.

Rev. W. E. Boardman, of Philadelphia, Secretary of the United States Christian Commission, has lately returned from a visit to the Army of the Potomac, and gives the following account of the operations of the Commission in that army:—

The work of the Commission has been vastly extended since the present active campaign was entered upon. We have now the most remarkable establishment for the relief and benefit of the soldiers in the Army of the Potomac that was ever connected with any army since the world began. Our delegates, of whom the full corps is not less than a hundred during the siege, and twice or thrice that number after battle, are our main dependence for the work. With these, for their guidance and supply, we have a small but permanent paid agency. In every army corps we have a station, with its store and subsistence tents, four-horse wagon and team, agent and corps of delegates.

At the base, City Point, besides our business house, given by the Government for office and stores, we have a dining tent and post office and publication tent, and a receiving barge at the landing, all properly manned and kept in full work.

At the General Field Hospital, which is a city of tents in itself—forty acres of hospitals in tents—we have the most imposing, complete, and useful establishment of all. Fifteen tents, most of them the large chapels which were the churches of the army in winter quarters on the Rappahannock, and are now the diet kitchen, store, post office, reading room, subsistence room, etc., the quarters and supply depot for fifty-eight delegates, at work night and day amongst the sometimes six thousand patients in the hospitals.

To all of which must be added a steam fire engine with twenty-two hundred feet of hose, which furnishes abundance of pure water for the whole hospital, and for sprinkling all the ground every day. This was found so useful and indispensable that the Government has taken charge of it.

Now if there is anything besides the country and the Government for which they fight, and the chiefs leading them on to victory, of which the soldiers are proud and grateful, and full of praise, it is the Christian Commission. "God bless the Christian Commission! What the people give to you the soldiers get. I don't know what we could have done without you," is the substance of what was said to me at every turn of my recent tour, and by everybody, from the highest in command to the drummer boys of the army.

We need ten thousand dollars a day to distribute *in the trenches* from our corps stations to the worn, watching, working, fighting men, to save them from sinking, and cheer them for duty.

Fighting Drunkenness with Wine.

Is wine-growing a preventive of intemperance? We are often told so with a confidence that should be based only on fair reasoning or good facts. But the question is a serious one to a nation that is making such efforts to produce wine as ours. True, the first impression naturally is, that wine-making must tend to promote intemperance, but there are many paradoxes in nature. The assertion would seem less strange that the world had little to fear from distilled liquors. The taste of these is naturally repulsive. A love of the intoxicating principle, it might be argued, must precede a love of whisky, brandy or beer. But the recent juice of good fruit is exceedingly palatable. He that loves apples, must love the cider from just such fruit as it runs from the press. If grapes are palatable so will the must be, as Pharaoh drank it from the hands of his cup-bearer.

The first slight changes of fermentation produce an imperceptible quantity of alcohol, and a perceptible amount of carbonic acid, so delightful in the beverage miscalled soda-water; which, by the way, contains no soda, neither is soda employed in its manufacture. When shall we stop drinking the must or the recent cider? Imperceptibly, the innocent fluid changes to a sweetened flavored grog; or even if malic acid became predominant at length as in hard cider, the drinker learns to follow the changes further and further each year, till the presence of alcohol would atone with him for any kind of bittterness or sourness. Here is the danger in using the innocent juices of the fruits as a beverage.

How do we explain the assumption that those who have abundance of pure wine, are, therefore, in less danger of becoming drunkards? No one tries to explain it; an appeal to facts is the only argument. But the most fatal falsehoods are those that are maintained by a misuse of facts.

We are pointed to the French and Italians, among whom wine is common and drunkenness comparatively rare. Exchange their wine for gin or whisky and would drunkenness increase? That cannot be proved. We well know that different races are differently disposed to drunkenness. The guzzler of enormous quantities of wine and other alcoholic drinks does it because of his race or his climate; not because of the absence of the vine.

In defense of this position we would cite but a single nation of very mixed race, that of New Granada. Turn to Holton's "New Granada," and in the index page, 602, we find references to facts bearing on the case. "It is really amazing to me to see so much drinking, so little drunkenness, and no fighting, especially in a people where drunkenness is not very disreputable and where they have a cruel war every ten years." p. 454. "Chicha, the great bane of the *tierra fria*," (the cold region affects them as high latitudes do northern nations) is "an Indian drink, compounded of maize, syrup and water, that carries the Granadian just as far towards intoxication as he desires to go; for he differs from us in that he gets satiated before he gets drunk, and we only when we can swallow no more; and the difference is in his nature, not in his beverage, for if he drinks aguardiente," (home-made rum, see page 448) it is all the same.

Again, on pages 479 and 480 we read:

In the morning, when a crevice of my window-shutter let in unquestionable evidence of day, I arose to see the last of the ball. In the front piazza, where the goats usually sleep, was a woman established with aguardiente and cakes for sale. She had brought a demijohn half full, of which remained a bottleful. She had sold to the amount of $11 20, and would have sold more had I been willing the night before to lend money to those who had none of their own to spend.

Such orgies in the States would have presented a different result. The supply of rum would have been exhausted if any less than a barrel, for probably there was not an individual over six years old that did not drink. How many fights would there have been? How many in the morning would have been unable to walk? But here I saw only two (one a boy) who gave indications of having been drinking. I see that I am among a people of a different race, just as our Indians are a different race, from ourselves in respect to alcohol.

Here we see the position of things in the north temperate zone reversed. In northern latitudes we drink distilled liquors, and drunkenness is a terribly common result, while at lower latitudes we use wine and drink to less excess. They at lower latitudes drink to considerable less excess, but it is rum; at greater altitudes excess is more common, but in fermented liquors.

But Chicha guarpo and cedar are not wine. Is there on the face of the earth, a spot where wine is made in quantities and sold cheap or given away freely, where intemperance is a serious evil? There is. We are able to refer to two families of high standing in social, religious, and literary life, of two professors of many years continuance in two of the oldest institutions in America. The entire family of one spent many months at the east end of Lake Geneva. Two members of the other at a different time spent months in a village in the same region. Both, without concert, represented that region as more given to intemperance than New England in its worst days of hard cider and cider-brandy.

We hope for no good to the temperate part of the community from the increase of wine making. The present drinkers of dreadful imitations would doubtless live longer if they drank wine instead, but many are now deterred by their fate who might follow them to a slower but sure destruction were their beverage truly wine.—*Boston Recorder.*

A KIND WORD FOR 'MOTHER.'

Despise not thy mother when she is old. Age may wear and waste a mother's beauty, strength, limbs, sense, and estate; but her relation as mother is as the sun when it goes forth in its might, for it is always in the meridian, and knoweth no evening. The person may be gray-headed, but her motherly relation is ever in its flourish. It may be Autumn, yea, Winter with a woman, but with the mother, as mother, it is always Spring. Alas, how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living! How heedless we are in all her anxieties and kindness! But when she is dead and gone; when the cares and coldness of the world come withering to our hearts; when we experience how hard it is to find true sympathy—how few will befriend us in misfortune—then it is that we think of the mother we have lost.

YOUTH'S.

EVENING PRAYER.

Ere in my bed my limbs I lay,
God grant me grace my prayer to say!
O God, preserve my mother dear
In health and strength for many a year!
And O, preserve my father, too,
And may I pay him reverence due;
And may I my best thoughts employ
To be my parents' hope and joy!
My sisters and my brothers both
From evil guard and save from sloth;
And may we always love each other,
Our friends, our father, and our mother;
And still, O Lord, to me impart
A contrite, pure, and grateful heart,
That after my last sleep I may
Awake to thy eternal day! Amen.

The Traveler and the Shepherd Boy.

AN APOLOGUE.

A rich traveler in an Eastern country was one day passing through a lovely plain, watered by crystal streams and luxuriant with flowery herbage. He had left the city behind, and though care was on his brow, and his thoughts returned to his gold, he could not but look round him with a pleasurable feeling, such as seldom visited his sordid heart. Suddenly he came upon a shepherd boy, who carelessly reclined upon the velvet sward; his crook was lying beside him, and his sheep, tired of grazing, lay sleeping at his feet.

The traveler curbed his prancing steed and thus addressed him:

"Methinks thou leadest a useless life, friend, in this quiet valley, with naught to care for but these lazy sheep, and scarcely would they go astray with this sweet grass to crop, and yon clear stream to give them drink."

"Providence has placed me here," replied the youth modestly, "and I strive to do my duty, though, may be, it is an humble one."

"Listen to me," returned the traveler, "thou art a comely youth, and might make thy fortune in a city life. Hast thou no ambition?"

"None," replied the boy, "it belongs not to our lowly race. My father tended sheep before me, and in a good old age he resigned his crook to me, and lay down thankfully and died. Peacefully and innocently my days pass along; no cares disturb me, I eat my bread in quietness, and at night sleep in safety."

"And thou art contented?"

"Allah is great," returned the youth, "why should I seek for more than he has given me? I know no want, and my heart is full of happiness."

"Foolish youth," replied the stranger scornfully, "if thou would'st rise from thy ignoble station, follow me and I will place thee where thou mayest gather wealth untold,—enough to fill thy poor cabin where thou art contented to doze thy life away, even as thy fathers did before thee."

The youth looked at the rich stranger with surprise, but no pleasure mantled on his cheek.

"I have much wealth," resumed the traveler after a moment's pause, "and the care of it fills me with perplexity. All around me are selfish and avaricious,—I dare not trust them—I seek some one in whom I can confide, and thy countenance is honest and pleases me. If thou wilt live with me, and be faithful, thou shalt be richly rewarded. I have no heir, and when Allah calls me away thy services shall not be forgotten."

The youth's countenance assumed a thoughtful expression.

"I must leave you now," continued the stranger, "my gold will tempt the cupidity of my servants, and in my absence they will rob me. Think of what I have said,—to-morrow I will return for thee."

"And what service am I to render thee?" asked the boy, "for I am ignorant of the ways of men, and know little of the value of wealth."

"I have those about me whom I cannot trust," he replied, "suspicion dwells under my roof, and all look on my gold with envy. I would test thy honesty, and make thee keeper of my treasures."

"Allah forbid," returned the youth, "my lowly roof covers no gold, but it shelters loving hearts; we rest in safety, fearing no rapacious plunderer, for we have naught to tempt his avarice. Better is my poverty with security and content, than thy wealth, surrounded by anxiety and snares."

The stranger vainly sought to change his resolution; he had conceived a liking for the youth, and being himself the slave of suspicion, and envied for his boarded wealth, which benefited no living soul, he longed earnestly for a faithful heart to share his anxiety and relieve him of the weight of care.

The shepherd boy saw the rich stranger depart without regret, or a single wish to follow him. At night he gathered his sheep into the fold, and lay down to sleep in happy security, thankful that he had resisted all temptation to quit the home and occupation of his childhood.

The rich man lay down in his sumptuous bed, which avarice had planted with thorns; and at midnight his servants rose and robbed him of all his treasure, leaving him bound and destitute, and obliged to seek from others that aid which in his prosperity he had never bestowed on a single child of want. He sought the cell of a Dervise, and ended his days in poverty and vain regret.

The shepherd boy when he heard the fate of the haughty traveler, blessed Allah that he had given him contentment and no superfluous wealth; and after a tranquil life, his days closed as they first began, in the enjoyment of a shepherd's peaceful life.

THE SCHOLAR'S INFLUENCE.

"Good morning, Miss Effie; can I speak with you a moment alone?" said a little girl to her teacher, as soon as she entered the room. She was one of those rare beings whose appearance and manner win instant love and confidence. Always happy herself, she helped largely in making others so, by the mere presence of her cheerful face. But this morning her teacher saw a troubled look shading the sunshine, and at once yielded the desired privacy.

"Oh! Miss Effie, what shall I do? I said what was not true yesterday. I did break the rules. Won't you please give me a bad mark? And can you forgive me? Can you trust me any more?"

"My dear child," replied her teacher, "I am sorry you have uttered a falsehood, but rejoice in the moral courage which enables you to make this noble confession. But how came you to do it?"

"I ought not to have done so; but Annie was saying something funny, and you know I could not help but hear her, for she sits by my side, and then I laughed; and before I thought, I talked too. And why I should have denied it, I cannot tell; but I have been unhappy ever since, as you may know by my waking up last night, two or three times, and every time that dreadful story was my first thought. Oh! it was a sad night!"

The poor child's tears were falling fast, and they gathered thickly in the teacher's eyes, as she mingled commendation with reproof. Grieved with, while she rejoiced over the truly penitent child, as her heart melted in tenderness towards her, and she understood better the fullness of God's pardoning love towards sinners. But presently a new thought arose in her mind. Annie had been very rebellious and troublesome for several days. She was almost an inseparable companion of the gentle Ella. Might not Ella be made the means of leading her back to the right? She determined to try.

"Do you not think," said she, kindly, "that if you had been firm in what you now see to be the right, you might have induced Annie to do right also?"

"Not then, I think, Miss Effie," replied Ella; "but she loves me so much that if I spoke to her beforehand, and proposed that we should both try to be good, I am almost sure she would. She cannot mean to be so naughty; but she is so proud, that when she begins she has to go on, and she will never say she is sorry, no matter how badly she feels." Then, as if fearing she had said too much against her friend, she hastily added, "You know she is very good sometimes."

"Yes," replied her teacher, "and how blessed it will be to help her to be good all the time. Be assured, my child, you will be happier the more you try to help her to walk in the right way. The task will oftentimes call for a great deal of self-control, but God will help you if you ask him."

"Ah! Miss Effie, you may be sure I will do all I can," replied the child, as she turned away.

No one who has never silently mourned over a loved object, who, day day, has shown a hard, defiant temper, can understand how that teacher's heart was lightened by a sudden hope. A new power seemed awakened within her, as she that day performed her accustomed duties. She felt that the enthusiasm and earnest love of that child's mind was exerted by sympathy with her own. Nor were her hopes vain. Annie's proud will forgot its accustomed stubbornness. She yielded to the influence of Ella's gentle fidelity, and ere long was one of the best girls in the school.

POLITENESS is like an air-cushion; there may not be anything in it, but it eases jolts wonderfully.

BE temperate in diet. Our first parents ate themselves out of house and home.

THE PACIFIC

The Trustees are—J. W. Clark, Cyrus Palmer, E. D Sawyer, E. P. Flint, and Nathaniel Gray.

All Congregational ministers in the State will act a agents for the PACIFIC.

☞ We would remind the friends of THE PACIFIC that Towne & Bacon have the largest Printing Office in the State, and their continued favors will be thankfully received and promptly executed.

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TOWNE & BACON, Printers, 336 Clay Street.

THE PACIFIC.

SAN FRANCISCO,
Thursday Morning, September 1, 1864.

Notice.

THE office of the PACIFIC is removed to No. 1 Government House, northwest corner of Sansome and Washington streets.

Rev. J. A. BENTON, " GEO. MOGAR, " W. C. BARTLETT, } Editors.

Rev. S. V. BLAKESLEE, Associate Editor and Traveling Agent.

H. S. BROOKS, Office Editor.

The Gospel Unappropriated.

The Bible was designed to meet man's spiritual wants—to be a *practical* revelation of the divine will. With speculative truth, as such, it has nothing to do. It meddles with no problems of natural or mental philosophy. Its department is special, and in that department it is supreme, it is perfect and complete. The whole of it is not too much, a part would be too little to accomplish the purpose of its Author. The Christian man must appropriate this word therefore in its fulness, or he fails in his privilege and his duty; he is strictly chargeable with wasting the very Bread of Heaven. He may be excused for ignorance of astronomy; he may know nothing of the commonest problems of philosophy, of history, and of politics, and yet be blameless; he may be entirely unfamiliar with the simplest dogmas of theology even, without detracting from his Christian character; but not to know these truths of Revelation, truths as much adapted to his comprehension as they are to his wants, not to know them as believing and possessing them in all their divine sweetness and power is more than negligence, it is crime. If such ignorance were due to a want of capacity on our part, or to the imperfectness of the revelation on God's part; if Christ had not given his Spirit to bring *all that he has spoken to our remembrance*, and that we *might know the things freely given to us of God*, the sin would be comparatively venial. The fault is here: we are "fools and slow of heart to believe." Faith is the knowing, appropriating, possessing power, and our faith is weak. To us as to Philip the Saviour might say: "Have I been so long time with you and yet hast thou not known me?" We have been living with Christ without knowing him—we have thronged about him with the multitudes, but have not come near enough to touch him. We have talked concerning faith, but how little have we known of its reality and power, as the *substance* of things hoped for, the *evidence* of things not seen. To how great a degree are the words of the Master, words eternally vital with his love and wisdom, empty and void to the general life and experience of the church! Dead characters, instinct with no living, pertinent thought! They speak of a buried Christ, not of a living and present One! They serve to show "like the little flags which are sometimes hung over the water only where rich freights have perished!"

Does the phrase "in Christ" convey much meaning to our minds? Do we feel that we have fully appropriated that divine thought? To Paul it meant much, for he uses it seventy-six times in his epistles. To the early disciples it meant much, for so much was it a practical truth with them that their enemies in disdain called them "Christophoroi" ("Christ-bearers.") Can we read the last discourse of Christ with his disciples, as recorded in John, and feel that we are those disciples, that we are in that sacred presence, that we hear all that the Apostles heard, receive all they received? Is the illustration of the vine and its branches as dry and stiff as the sapless wood to us, or is it fresh, vivid, life-like? Do we know what it is to have Jesus call us "friends?" Has our joy yet been "full" through the words which have been spoken? Have we yet reached that point of Christian experience that whatsoever we ask the Father in Christ's name he gives it? Would we dare affirm that we know what it is to have the Father and Christ manifest themselves unto us and make their abode with us?

O how much land there yet remains to be possessed! And it is a goodly land. Shall we still remain in the wilderness? When "all things" are ours; when we have the promise of the life that now is, as well as that which is to come, shall we be content to drag on a hard, joyless existence, unloving and unloved? Are we satisfied to abide in the presence of the Saviour without knowing him? Faith is all we need. If we will only believe we shall see the salvation of God. If we will only believe, Christ will be precious; we may walk with him and talk with him; we may eat and drink with him; our commonest toil may be brightened with his presence, and our rest shall be like John's, in his bosom.

Of Reason.

The Bible is rational in this respect; as making its appeals to our good sense, and to the well-ordered understanding. It is a book claiming to be reasonable in all it sets forth and requires; and to demand no more for the right use of itself than the exercise of good sense and an honest heart.

The rationalizing and the rationalists of our time—who are technically so called—are neither reasonable nor wise. They are incomprehensible to many. They cannot be understood by the common people. They are hard to be understood by the learned. It is doubtful if they are really understood at all; though it is not doubtful to what conclusions their process conducts them. In general, they doubt all the past; they have no faith in the present; and they have no hope in the future. They are high and dry, intellectually; they are low and slow, morally. And their schemes and methods, and the teeming of their brains, are so like to nothing else, as they are to a modern brick-yard; prophetic of nothing but barrenness; until taste, use, architecture, mechanism and wealth come and propose to make its dry elements combine with other elements, and to build its contents into walls of strength amid new scenes.

When, therefore, we attempt to reason out of the Holy Scriptures, as St. Paul did; or to reason of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, as he also did; or endeavor to speak of things reasonable and unreasonable; let no one suppose that we desire to follow the rationalists, so called; or to do anything more than to appeal to the good sense of men, upon subjects they can comprehend, and to the enlightened convictions of common people.

For, until we bring common sense to bear upon a subject, nothing will come of it, to the great advantage of the world; and to this statement the subject of religion is no exception. It needs to be treated of, and reasoned about, on the basis of common sense. And all our teaching and preaching, speaking and writing, is for the purpose of inducing people to cease from acting an unnatural and unreasonable part; and of urging them to the taking of such a course as shall commend itself to their good sense; and be able to justify itself at the bar of right reason.

It is reasonable, we will say, for those who profess to be Christians, to keep on in their worldly ways, and persist in all their inconsistencies that mar and deform their lives, or, it is not. If it is, they are entitled to our earnest commendation, and our best wishes for their continuance and final success. If it is not, they are not entitled to our encouragement; nor to our silence; nor to our defence; nor to our sympathy. We may pity them; we may be sorry for them; we may be ashamed of them; we may be grieved about them; or we may feel other emotions regarding them; but we can only affirm that we feel thus, in spite of the fact that they are so unreasonable.

If it be not reasonable in them to live on in such a manner, then it ought not to be accounted unreasonable in others and us to be dissatisfied with them; or to give proper expression to our discontent; or to endeavor to let them know what our feelings are. It should not be deemed strange if we should seek to reason with them, "before the Lord, of all the righteous acts of the Lord," and all the unrighteous acts of men; nor if we should reprove and rebuke them in love. Nay, it would be an unreason, a wrong in us not to correct them.

Office Discourses.—No. 37.

TEXT.—Mat. 12:37. "For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."

Introduction. The origin of language is the puzzle of naturalists. How man came to be endowed with the gift of articulate speech, our science cannot tell us. It is a wonder, a mystery to us. It must be a development of nature, or a product of human art, or a divine endowment. It cannot be a development of nature; for, if it were, we should expect to find other animals than men capable of intelligent speech. And the truth is that the faculty of speech is the one great matter that forever separates men from brutes. It cannot be a human art, because it is found in man however existing, and long before art arises. It is more an instinct than an art. It preceded invention, and was not a product. It is, we will believe, an endowment of God. It is a gift from Heaven. It is the glory of the race.

Argument. I. Problems in language have always kept the world at war. Individuals and nations have always contended about words, and fought for ideas. The greatest agitations have centered about the facts or fictions of language. Louis Napoleon has weakly and vainly asserted that the French were the only people who would fight for an idea—as though people ever fought for anything else, when the heart of the matter was reached. Declarations made, insults offered, agreements violated, meaning of documents, interpretation of treaties, patriotic resolutions, ideas of freedom, thoughts of conquests, dreams of fame—these have kept the world in arms. And philosophies and definitions have kept the dust astir in very different arena; while divisions and sects in the religious world, have continued to arise out of problems in language.

2. Words are more than simply signs of ideas. They have a certain power of their own, a kind of independent energy, above any force which our thought, or feeling may give them. Different languages can express the same ideas, and still some of them will give the ideas a force and impressiveness not possible in the others. There are rude words and cultured words for saying the same things. By circumlocutions we can describe the purloiner, or the pretender; but in the words *thief* and *snob*, there is a ring, a sting, a sneer, not attainable in other terms. Uttered words, also, leave their own impress on us, which the same words, as silently read, or thought over, do not leave; as if there were some weird spell in them. And if it were not for this inherent power of words, there could be no choice among them, no varying forces of expression, and no such thing as style, or tone.

3. God may fitly judge us by our words. The tongue is near the heart. Very near, in those moments when the heart is in the throat, and our real, unstudied selves get voice. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Vain and idle words come from a vacant mind and a barren soul. Our natural talk is no traitor; it tells of us. Our "speech bewrayeth" us when we begin to simulate. Our language not only shows our culture, but our feeling, and our personality, and our character. It is the truest index of what we are. It breaks through all disguises. There may be significance in silence, but there must be revelation in speech. And nothing is perfectly expressed till it is embodied in language; "Death and life are in the power of the tongue." Nor is it altogether a figure of speech that represents us as judged, at last, out of written records, contained in "the books" which shall be opened.

Remarks. 1. Frivolous talk, and witless gabble, and profane language, not only waste time, but hurt all those who are the victims of them, and react in injury on such as give them utterance. Language with nothing in it, can do something mischievous.

2. We may improve our speech and elevate our style of composition, most readily, by elevating our affections, and improving our minds and hearts.

3. Our religion will show its excellence best by the command it gives us over our tongues, in the choiceness of our phrases, and in the simple, artless, tasteful utterances of our deepest feelings.

Editorial Observations.

If our friends of the *Advocate* of this city, will send a copy of their paper to our office, we will promise to pay all due deference to what they may offer in the way of correction. As it is, we never see a copy of the *Advocate* without going to the reading room for it. We make this suggestion in apology for some inadvertencies which appear to have occasioned sensitiveness.

—Of six millions of adults, men over twenty-one years of age in Great Britain, only one million have the privilege of suffrage. One of the most influential statesmen of England, Mr. Gladstone, has recently pronounced for an extension of suffrage. The non-electing people of York lately gave him an address of thanks, splendidly engrossed and bound in a quarto book.

—The New School Assembly Committee of Home Missions has declined to accept the offer of coöperation made by the Am. Missionary Association. That Association asked that the Presbyterian churches should coöperate with that association so for at least as the supply of teachers for the South was concerned, and offered to receive the contributions of the Churches, and to send such persons as the Committee might recommend as suitable for the position. This makes the Am. Missionary Association the medium of Congregationalists in the work among the Freedmen, just as the American Home Missionary Society has virtually become theirs.

—A correspondent of the *Examiner* describing the advent of a country parson to the city, thus speaks of his visit to one of the city churches:

"He sees a very large house and a very small audience. He beholds Dr. Assumption rise and preach a sermon. Text and subject—himself and his ideas about things in general connected with churches and Christ. What a tremendous display! Is he afraid no one ever will have a chance of hearing him again? The parson's *soul* is getting hungry; where is the spiritual food?"

Perhaps the country parson was the Rev. Mr. Jealous, or, brother Slightly Envious; who can tell?

—The friends of Henry Foster, the benevolent founder of the Clifton Water cure, will be glad to know that he returned from California in much improved health. He took the overland route, and had a delightful and invigorating ride across the prairies, and seems quite restored to his former strength. He was warmly welcomed by the numerous inmates of the institution. No father, returning to the bosom of his family after a long absence, could have received a more kindly greeting.

—It has been publicly stated in this city, by the President of the United States Sanitary Commission, that it is not sectarian, not even Christian in name. We believe it to be just all its best friends profess it, a noble institution of national charity. We are sorry, however, to see that Rev. Mr. Mumford, one of the most distinguished of the younger Unitarians, spoke of it thus, on a public occasion:

"The Unitarian Sanitary Commission still retains the allegiance of some of the best Orthodox clergymen, as well as the sympathies of a vast majority of our loyal citizens."

We wonder if any friends of the Christian Commission have ever made a more offensive appeal to the sectarian feeling than was made in these words. *We can't be liberal by calling ourselves so.*

—In Paul's day, they had an altar to the "Unknown God" at Athens, whom the Athenians ignorantly worshipped. The reader of the new Philosophy of Herbert Spencer, will find an altar to the UNKNOWABLE BEING, for whom is no worship, but only ignorance, utter and profound. Now, as of old, the Gospel declares "The Unknown," and "The Unknowable," as the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Editorial Correspondence.

Sea-Side Letters.

DEAR PACIFIC:—If any of you within or without the circle of the editorial "we" have read that charming book "My Farm at Edgewood," did it occur to you that this was the first instance in this country wherein genuine literature was married to practical farming? Successful authorship and successful potato raising, with all the intermediate phases of horticulture, landscape and other rural culture! Virgil must have been a fancy farmer. He sung well enough about farming. But how did you come out, my old boy? Our modern author gives the figures.

Hear what he says about the out-look and "surroundings" of the place he is searching out for a home: "It must be admitted that a sea view gives the final and kingly grace to a country home. A lake view and a river view are well in their way, but the hills hem them; the great reach which is a type, as it were, a vision of the future, does not belong to them. There is none of that joyous strain to the eye in looking on them which a sea view provokes. The ocean seems to absorb all narrowness, and tides it away, and dashes it into yeasty multiple of its own illimitable width. A man may be small by birth, but he cannot grow smaller with the sea always in his eye.

"It is a bond with other worlds and people: the sail you watch has come from Biscay; yesterday it was white for the eye of a Biscayan: your sympathies touch by the glitter of a sail.

"The raft of smoke drifting from some steamer in the offing, is humanizing, though it be ten miles away, as the rattle of your neighbor's wagon by the door.

"You live near the high road to take off the edge of loneliness and isolation; but a traveled sea, where all day long white specks come and go, is the highway of the world; and though you do not see these neighbors faces, or catch their words, the drifted vapor and the sheen of sails, and the streaming pennants yield a sense of nearness and companionship that gives vein and verge to a man's humanity.

"Then, physically,—what reach! Heaven and earth touch their great circles in your eye; the touch that bounds human vision wherever you may go, no height can lift you to a grander touch, or alter one iota its magnificent proportions. With a land horizon, it may be an occasional hill that conceals the utmost bound,—a temple or a tree; it is various and uncertain; even upon the prairie a harvest of flowers may fringe it with an edge that the autumn fires consume, or the trampling herd beats down; but where sea touches sky, there forever is the line immutable which runs between our home and the spacious heaven, that buoys and bears us. And thence, with every noon-tide, the sun pours a fiery profusion of gold up to your feet; and there every full moon paves a broad path with silver.

"And with the slope, as with the wood and with the sea, come visions—visions of sloping shores of bays, into whose waters the land dips with every recurring tide; and where, as the gentlest of tides fall (so upon the Adriatic coast), an empurpled line of fine sea mosses lies crimped upon white sand, and pearly shells glitter in the sun."

There, genial Ike Marvel, thank you for this word painting of the outlook at Edgewood; it answers equally well for ours, as far as it goes. Besides the river, lagoon and bay, there are such glimpses of the ocean, such light on sea and shore, such lifting and clothing of the mountains as never bless the vision on that cold Atlantic slope. Nor, least of all that gladdens the eye, are these hundreds of acres of orchard between us and the shore, adown which we look from a gentle height—acres carpeted all the dry summer long with some vine crop, green as emerald—acres studded with trees drooping with wealth of fruit, now turning to red and gold in the early autumnal sun.

How, too, the breaking of the surf along the shore at midnight shames our poor music. What would you have better than this great multivoiced organ touched and swept by Him who "breatheth us songs in the night." If one chooses to watch on a still summer night, an explosion will be heard like the heavy booming of artillery. This is the "boomen" or great tidal wave—the first which comes landward after the tide turns on the flood. It is the signal gun of the ocean—the swelling flood-note in the great diapason.

A veteran trout-catcher came in to explode the heresy that the chief pleasure of fishing was the sensation of a big fish at the end of one's line—hence cod-fishing was better than trout fishing. He proposes, by way of illustration, that we try for a *string of whales* some fine morning! *Non sequitur*, who told you that a whale was a fish. "But don't the critter live in the water and swim." Yes, so do the badger and muskrat, but that doesn't make them fish. It was not so easy a thing to spike that piscatory gun, after all.

Speaking of whales, a year or two since one was seen in the bay floundering about all day long, as though in great distress. The night following he floated ashore dead. The sailors said he was killed by a fish called a bummer, which worried, teased, and hunted him to death. It was clear from his movements that some adversary was tormenting him to death. The great hulk had no mark of the swordfish nor of the whaleman's lance. I had heard of bummers on the land, but never before in the sea.

B.

SANTA CRUZ.

[For the Pacific.]

Summer Religion.

If that is not the proper name for it, what shall we call it. We mean by it that religion which Christian people are apt to take with them when they go from their city homes to their places of summer resort. And we say *take* with them, because it is seldom that their religion takes them.

This summer religion (if our apology for the name be sufficient) is something quite different from the every day, at home, working religion. It is generally small in volume, being only so much of the earnest religious life as may be conveniently packed up and carried in some out of the way corner of the heart. It must be narrow in compass, and closely compressed, so as to be easily portable, and also so as not to interfere with its free abandon of recreative pursuits and pleasures. It loosens a little the habitual Christian thoughtfulness, circumspection, and diligence; relaxes the ordinary watchfulness and service; lessens the number and fervor of the private devotions; and allows the volume of Christian experience to contract. Of course it leaves behind all *care* for the kingdom and church of Christ. It would not do to be encumbered with any *care*. It would not answer to be burdened in any way with the interests of the kingdom in the place whither it resorts. That is altogether a local concern, and besides it is quite too heavy a matter to be borne on such a trip of relaxation and pleasure. *That* is something that resident Christians must shoulder.

This summer religion, of which we speak, does not love restraints, likes not to spoil the opportunity of having a good time, or lose the benefit of its relaxation by any cumbering sense of duty. It wishes to be wholly free from feelings of responsibility. That bugbear, example, must be unthought of. It is quite too much to expect of this summer religion that it will try to gladden, and cheer and strengthen the hearts and faith of the small company of believers, gathered in the little church near at hand. It is not careful to search out that sweet place of prayer and Christian fellowship. It even does not readily find the sanctuary at the time of public worship, for it has already loosened a little or a good deal the Sabbath obligation. And it evidently prefers a rambling communion with the god of nature, to sitting at Jesus' feet in the temple of his grace. It is very apt to reason that a little drive of ten or a dozen miles, amid the beautiful scenes around, with pleasant friends, can not lessen the soul's appreciation of the divine goodness. It embarasses itself with no positive desire to give a clear and unmistakable witness for the Redeemer. Nor does it bring any living testimony to add to the Christian influence of the few who pray to Jesus, and love him, and live for him, in the place where it may providentially be tarrying.

Nay more than this. It appears not to consider that its tendency and influence often are to dilute and weaken the religious regards of the community among whom it comes to make its brief sojourn. It stops not to think how it thus cheapens the religion of Christ in the eyes of men, nor how it disparages before the community, the small local church; nor how it fosters the spirit of Sabbath rambling, and riding, and visiting, and irreligious converse. It thinks not how it nullifies the effect of gospel truth, and throws intangible and yet great obstacles in the way of earnest Christian work. It thinks not to how great an extent it justifies men in looseness of views and carelessness of practice.

This summer religion not infrequently seems to find it convenient to make the home trip on the Sabbath day.

We are glad to say that there are some Christian excursionists who have none of this summer religion, but the loins of whose mind are ever girded, and whose heart is ever full of the spirit and love of Christ, and who, because of this, find a thousand fold more enjoyment and relaxation wherever they may go. These words are from the

HOLY CROSS.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Pacific Coast.

THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION FAIR.—The Fair opened a week ago yesterday. The rooms are tastefully decorated. The The different tables are loaded with articles of exquisite handiwork. The art-room has nine pictures donated to the Fair, and eighty-eight loaned for the occasion. In the curiosity room are some most elegant specimens of Japanese Bronze work, some of it said to be 1,500 years old. The refreshment tables afford the most sumptuous home lunches to be obtained in the city. The evening exercises have been varied and full of interest, and the Hall has been thronged with attendants. We congratulate the ladies on their success thus far. We rejoice in it the more because especially it is in the interest of Christ, our King, and all thus far has been carried on in a spirit and manner which soils not the Christian name. The receipts, first day, Wednesday, may be stated in round numbers, at $1,150; Wednesday, $1,850; Friday, $1,950; Saturday, $2,450; Monday, $1,500. The receipts of the first week cannot be less than $15,000, besides the tickets sold outside.

LECTURES FOR YOUNG MEN.—The Young Men's Christian Association are to have a course of Sunday evening lectures. The first of the course will be delivered in Trinity Church, Pine street, by the Rev. C. B. Wyatt, on Sunday evening, September 4th, at half-past seven o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended to young men and the public generally.

A LIVE PRAYER MEETING.—Some young men, connected with one of our city churches, who have had a weekly prayer meeting in the basement of the church, upon assembling at the usual time recently, found the church closed. But they did not therefore conclude that Providence and the Christian Commission Fair were opposed to their meeting. With commendable perseverance they succeeded in entering their room through a window that opened into an adjoining yard, and held their accustomed service. Such a prayer meeting is worth having.

—The Rev. J. A. BENTON has been presented with a certificate of Life Membership in the Ladies Christian Commission for the Pacific. He does not know who paid the fifty dollars. A lady gave him the certificate, at the request of some other lady—name not remembered. He returns his acknowledgments, receives his honors meekly, craves the blessing of the Highest on the Commission and on his benefactor, and counts himself proud and happy.

—Rev. Mr. Macomber, who has been engaged in the Missionary work, at Gold Hill and Silver City, in Nevada Territory, feels obliged, in the pressure of the hard times, and by reason of his wife's health, to leave his work for the present. Meantime Rev. Mr. Palmer, of Virginia, will maintain the organization and worship as he may have ability to do so. Mr. Macomber will labor in some field in our State.

—A Christian Commission, auxiliary to the Christian Commission, has been formed in Portland, Or.; Rev. G. H. Atkinson is President.

—The Willamette Baptist Association, Oregon, has seven churches, and communicants number 1,301.

—Three new ministers, with their wives, come on the next steamer with Dr. Cheney, as a reinforcement of the Baptist ministry of California—Rev. Messrs. J. P. Ludlow, A. L. Baker, and Stephen Hilton, all under appointment of the Home Missionary Society, the first two being graduates of Rochester, and the third of Newton.

—Rev. Mr. Stebbins, the new Pastor of the Unitarian Society, in this city, is expected on the next steamer.

Eastern and Foreign.

Congregational.

Despite the opposition of the *American Presbyterian*, the new churches in Philadelphia, are making good progress. The 1st church have doubled its numbers since organization, and measures are on foot for a larger building. Forty persons have joined the 2d church. The Central Church will receive quite a number at next communion, both by profession and letter.

—One reason why the Home Missionary Society does not have more men for its work is seen in the fact that thirty of its missionaries are now chaplains.

—Fifteen parsons have been received to the communion of the church in West Hartland, Ct.

—The new church edifice in Somerville, Mass., on Winter Hill, has cost $13,000. The congregation is good and the Sunday School numbers already 150.

Presbyterian.

The *Richmond Enquirer* of July 6th, announces the death of the Rev. William J. Hoge, D. D., pastor of the Tabb street Church, Petersburg, Virginia. He died on the 5th of July. He was, until the war, colleague with Dr. Spring in New York.

—The Rev. Archibald Alexander Hodge, D.D., has accepted the professorship in Western Seminary, to which he was elected by the General Assembly, and has been released from his pastoral charge at Wilkesbarre, Penn.

—The Convention Church at Prairie du Sac. Wis., has joined a New School Presbytery.

For the Pacific.

A Visit to the City and County Hospital, By the City Missionary.

Long before we arrive at the institution, we begin to see the indications of its vicinity in the men who are hobbling about on their morning walk, some upon crutches, some supported only with a stick, and some able to get along without the use of either. As we drew near the building, the number of these evidences increases, and just outside the gate, the edge of the sidewalk is adorned with a line of poor fellows, who have placed themselves there, according to their daily custom, to sun or air, as the day may be bright or blustering. Looking ing into the yard, the evidences of infirmity are stronger still, and many an unfortunate one, who is just able to crawl thus far, has taken his seat upon one of the benches provided for the purpose, for a little relief, from the confinement of the sick room, and while away the time before the hour of dinner, which makes a pleasant change in the day's experience, and serves to break, somewhat, the monotony of hospital life.

As we enter the gate, one of the inmates is coming out for his morning *crawl*. He is unable to stand upon his feet, being paralized in his lower limbs, and so, sits down flat upon the ground, on a thick padding of cloths, sewed together and lashed to his body, and reaching forward with his hands, holding in each a piece of wood, shaped so as to protect his knuckles, while it rests on the ground, drags his body along a few inches, and then stretching out his feet and reaching forward again, continues the process of locomotion until he arrives at his destination outside the hospital gate. Hearing our footsteps, he hails us, and asks us to tell him if he is going in the right direction, and thus we learn that he is perfectly blind, as he has been for twelve years. He has been in the hospital, as a paralytic, for nearly two years, and will, in all probability, remain there until he dies. We stop, for a few minutes, to speak with him, and find that he is a Greek, from the land of Miltiades and Leonidas, of Plato and Socrates, the scene of so much of the labors of the beloved Paul, and where he stood up so nobly for his Master, and when we repeat a few words of the beginning of John, in the ancient language of his country, (learned by rote,) he takes up the rest, and shows that not only is he what he represents himself to be, but that his religious education has not been altogether neglected, though the instruction seems to have been principally of the head, and not to have reached the heart, which needs yet the power that opened the heart of the woman of Thyatira, before it can be greatly benefitted by remembered Scripture, even in the original tongue.

As we enter one of the wards, almost the first man to whom we speak, is one who is suffering from a terrible cancer on his arm, which is literally eating his life away. He says he has not been able to sleep any for nearly a week, the pain is so great. He does not expect to get well. Amputation would have saved his life, if performed in time, but now the disease having got into his body, it is too late, though he expects to have the limb taken off soon, to relieve him of the agony, which he says he cannot endure. We find that he has a hope in Christ, having been a church member at home, where he has now a family. We take down a memorandum from his own lips, to enable us to write a letter for him to his wife, as he is unable to do so himself, and has no friend to perform the act for him, drop a few words of consolation and hope, and pass on.

Here is a young man, on a bed, in one corner of the room, who has been here for two years. He is suffering from the effects of freezing, on the coast of Labrador, where he was shipwrecked eight or nine years ago. His fingers are nearly all gone, and the stumps are doubled up into the palms of his hands, so that one would suppose that he would be about as well off without any hands at all. But that is not so, for he performs some labor which many a one with perfect limbs, would not undertake to do. For instance, his feet need the use of the operating knife, to enable them to get well, so that he can use them, and getting impatient of the delay in the matter, and tired of the pain which one particular toe caused him, he the other day, whetted up an old jack-knife, which he keeps near him, for sundry uses, and turning surgeon for the time, which were not ended until he had relieved himself of the troublesome member, which he keeps near his bed in a bottle of alcohol, and exhibited to us as a trophy of his skill. We asked him about his spiritual condition, and found that he was in a peaceful state, having, as he hopes, found the Saviour precious to him, since he came into the hospital; he loves his Bible, loves to talk about religion, and is glad to get the tracts which we give him, and we are sure that he will read every line of them.

Across the ward, lying helpless on his couch, is one from New England, where he has a family of his own. He also has a mother, who he believes is praying for him, and God has answered her prayers by converting her son. Wishing to be more fully satisfied in regard to the ground of his confidence, we ask him upon what his trust is based, and receive for a reply, not something about the goodness and mercy of God, or about his never having done anything very bad, or his trying to do about what is right with his fellow men, or about his having suffered enough already, to atone for what wrongs he may have done, but only this—and his bosom heaves with deep emotion, and his eyes, which he fixes full upon us, nearly fill with tears as he speaks—just this: "Jesus Christ." And, as we converse further with him, we very soon find that his only dependence for pardon and salvation, is in the Saviour of sinners, one of which he acknowledges himself to be. And he too has found that Saviour while lying here upon his bed. It is pleasant to find such testimony for Jesus in the midst of so much suffering, and we should like to talk more about it to the reader, but we dare not attempt to say too much, for fear that we will exclude ourselves entirely from the columns of the PACIFIC; so, to avoid such a disastrous result, we will reserve what we have to say, for another time when perhaps we shall feel constrained to give some glimpses of the other side of the the picture, the brighter one of which we have just been trying to present.

Army Reminiscences.—No. 4.

PICKET DUTY.

I well remember the first time we went "on picket." It was an *event* in our lives military. It was soon after our landing at Baton Rouge—I think the second day. The enemy were in force at Port Hudson, twenty miles up the river, and as our command was yet small, and had no defensive works to speak of, it would be necessary for us to keep a sharp lookout. No doubt, however, the enemy watched for us just *as* sharply and tediously, for the morning mists that partially enveloped our little fleet, and the thunder of an eleven-inch Dahlgren, would be fruitful sources of exaggeration to those whose valor might be expected to need the support of enormous stories. Supposing my readers to be unfamiliar with military life I shall tell my story more in detail than would otherwise be necessary. The picket guard is the outermost guard of the camp. It is composed of detached posts of three men each, a few yards, or a few rods apart, as the case may be, with reserve forces at convenient points in the rear. This line of posts extends completely around the camp and at some distance from it. The picket guard is changed but once in twenty-four hours. Its duties are simple: just to watch for any signs of the enemy, and if attacked, to retreat slowly in the direction of the reserve, or if that be impossible, upon the camp itself. It will not answer to send *any kind* of a soldier on picket duty. The very best material is demanded. A careless or faithless soldier here imperils the fortunes of an army, and hence the penalty for dereliction of duty in this service is death.

At Baton Rouge of course our picket line extended from the river north of the town round to the river again to the south of the town. The gunboats were a sufficient guard for the water front, as well as our main dependence in case of attack. Our whole picket line was several miles in extent, and required a considerable force. From our regiment two whole companies were detailed for this service at the time mentioned—companies "C" and "K." Capt. S., of company "C," had seen service under Burnside at Newbern, the rest of us, for the most part, were green.

A little after noon we started out under the direction of a staff officer. To the north and east two roads formed a junction about a mile from the town; the one led to Clinton, the other to Port Hudson. At the junction of these roads we made our base. Co. "K" being the larger was posted at that point, having an advanced post on each one of the roads, while "C" picketed from thence towards the river, with posts of three men each, and a small reserve in the center and rear of their line. Our post was an important one in the line, and we were correspondingly vigilant. No men ever performed picket duty, I dare say, better than we did that night, whatever might be said of our efficiency after we had become inured to the service. There was not a cow that bellowed, nor a cock that crowed, nor a dog that barked, nor an ass that brayed, nor a colt that capered, nor the splank of a dusky foot, nor any other audible sound within half a mile of us which our alert ears did not detect or which did not lift our drowsy eyelids with a jerk, and set us wondering whether, after all, the rebels would come. We certainly had excitement enough to keep us wide awake the latter part of the night. A single report of a rifle on the picket line was a signal of danger. If three reports were heard in succcession, the reserve must "fall in," to be in readiness for an attack. What with the inexperience of the picket and the really satisfactory reasons they had for discharging their pieces that night, we were obliged to "fall in" three times before the morning broke. Once a drove of horses charged down upon the line, but fortunately the men were cool enough to wait and see that they were riderless. Once a contraband crept stealthily forward, and as his figure was more visible than his face, and he was too ignorant of military rules to know that "halt" did not mean "run away," a bullet was sent after him. Once or twice perhaps some barking dog—there were hosts of them at every house—unaccustomed to these midnight "goings-on," kept up his infernal yelp and

howl until the adjacent picket could bear it no longer, and sent a minnie messenger to greet him. Then there was a constant stream of contrabands pouring in upon us after midnight, along these two roads, especially the Clinton road. Old men, and women old and young, with squads of little children, and a sprinkling of able-bodied Jims and Joes; some on horseback, some in rude and very ancient vehicles, but the majority on foot; all loaded down with goods, their own worthless traps, or massa's and missus' best, reminding one of another exodus in olden time; garrulous and glad they came, by no means to be mistaken as they bore down upon us in their motley array, balancing huge bundles on their heads or bearing crying children in their arms for any hostile force. We received them kindly, sheltering them in an empty building which stood near until daylight, when a man was sent to conduct them—a half a hundred or more in number—to the camp. That night's experience went far towards making soldiers of us. There was the excitement, the responsibility, the exposure of a soldier's life, crowded into those few brief hours. One man of the company who, with others, had been induced to invest eight dollars in a steel-lined vest, tore it off before the night was gone, and hurled it over the fence into the fields, thinking very properly that one might as well die from a rebel bullet as to sink, like some of our iron-clads, from his own weight. Several of the men were deathly sick through the night, being taken with violent vomiting and purging, in consequence of using too much molasses with their "hard tack," which article they had found in a deserted house near by. All suffered more or less from cold, for it was December, and one of the coldest nights of the season. Many times afterwards we were stationed at that point on picket duty, and had much more real cause for excitement, but the experience of that first night is still the freshest, and will be longest remembered. In the morning, a handsome widow, who lived near—nearly every woman in the South is ostensibly a widow, or the mother of one—sent to the captain of the guard, a neat breakfast of hoe cake and coffee, with her compliments, probably with an eye to the protection of her garden and her hen roost, more than to the cultivation of a friendship with the Yankee officer. Alas for her bribes, before a month was gone, the house had disappeared, and the garden was a waste. In the long nights of guard duty, under the silent stars, the question has often recurred: why so watchful against a foe whose power extends to the body alone, while the imperishable soul is left unguarded amongst foes far more subtle and dangerous?

Letter from the Sandwich Islands.

EDITORS PACIFIC:—The Constitutional Convention, summoned by the royal proclamation on the 5th of May, and for which an election took place on the 13th of June, was opened on the 7th inst., by his majesty in person, with much ceremony, in the largest church of the metropolis. The next day the Convention organized.

The Delegates, having been elected with all the formalities and conditions observed in the election of members of the House of Commons, took it as a matter of course, that they would act as a distinct House, and attempted to so organise and act. But this was promptly checked. They were told that though they might vote as an estate, they could have no authority outside of the room where the three estates met. This brought everything under the eye of royalty, and virtually decided the whole course of the Convention. For scarce a native can, in the presence of hereditary chiefs, assert anything contrary to their known, or supposed wish or thought; and the presence of royalty very seriously affects the tongues of even some born in more enlightened lands, as we have had full proof during the past two weeks.

This point conceded, the next subject was the powers of the convention. As it was an independent affair in our short history, and as it was so entirely extra Constitutional, this was a knotty subject.

The ambiguity of the Proclamation, which, only summoned the Convention "for the purpose of *consulting* on the revision of the Constitution," together with many other government acts of the past few weeks, which for foreign readers, I need not mention, left ample margin for the position that it was only for the purpose of consultation, preliminary to a submission of the whole matter to the Parliament, in the constitutionally appointed method. Besides, seventeen out of twenty-seven delegates, were men pledged to sustain the Constitution, and eleven of these were men of foreign birth and descent. So that though it might be conceded, that as a revolutionary measure, in a dire necessity, a Convention might be summoned which might venture to lay violent hands on the sacred instrument, it seemed certain that this hastily summoned Convention, with no necessity felt by the country, should refuse to assume such dangerous work. But his majesty pronounced that this body, representing the three estates, was the highest in the land; "between it and God there was no power whatever." The verbal statements of Hon. Elisha, Chief Judge of the Supreme Court, made in Cabinet Council before his departure for the United States, a few months since, to the effect that the calling of a Convention to alter the Constitution, might obviate the difficulty the king experienced in taking oath to the present Constitution, was acquiesced in verbally by Mr. G. Robertson, one of the Associate Judges of the Supreme Court; and it was also the verbally expressed opinion of Mr. C. C. Harris, the Attorney General. And, strange to say, these legal opinions, verbally given, with a note of a few lines from Mr. R. Davis, a second Associate Judge, were of sufficient weight, in the minds of many of the Convention, to overthrow the very Constitution under which these gentlemen hold position and authority—as though (as it has been expressed) a government would or could thus provide for its own destruction.

A number even of the delegates who had been elected on a most positive Constitutional ticket, yielded after a week's debate—only six of the twenty-seven delegates remaining firm against the Convention's proceeding to amend and adopt, what must be spoken of as a new Constitution. It is a most significant fact, that four of these six are sons of American missionaries; and three of them are ordained ministers, settled over native churches. That the native delegates should have failed to stand, is not a matter of the least surprise; but that men of foreign birth and descent should prove so manageable, is astonishing and sad.

Thus easily and speedily have we lost a liberal Constitution, doubtless defective, but still, most admirable; and have given ourselves the precedent of accomplishing a revolution under but the very slightest pressure of necessity—rather without the least necessity. We cannot but feel that all the improvements which may be effected, will now inevitably attach to any Constitution we may adopt.

It yet remains to be seen what are the main alterations proposed—so carefully have they been withheld. Many surmises are afloat, but the nature of my correspondence, limits me to facts and certainties. It is not however, to be concealed, that apprehensions are felt regarding the profitable increase of the prerogatives of the throne, and the curtailments of popular rights. The Constitution itself, having been yielded, we must not suppose there will be any serious difficulty in securing assent to lesser charges.

We do not know what is before us; and that is the peculiarity and trial of the hour. We feel that the dial of Constitutional liberty has gone back. With the eclipse of American power, arbitrary rule asserts itself in various lands, and even in our hitherto most happy and isolated kingdom.

Most ardently do we pray for the land of our fathers, that liberty and right may soon triumph. That, under God, will re-act favorably on us, even in these ends of the earth—nor on us alone, but wherever man lives.

Yours,

PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

Our resumé of war news broke off last week with the attack upon the Weldon railroad. It appears that the movement to the north of the James River, at Deep Bottom, was intended only as a feint to cover this attack. It proved a success, our troops meeting with but little opposition at first in their destruction of the road. But the rebels, quick to feel this blow at a tender point, came down the second day in force and partially succeeded in recovering possession of the road. So sudden and unexpected was their attack upon our lines during a violent rain storm, that they were successful in forcing it back some distance with a loss to us of 3000 in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Our men being reinforced that night however, resumed the offensive and regained all the ground lost. The rebels made several desperate attempts to dislodge them on successive days following but in vain. In the fighting of the 31st, the rebel Gen. Hagood was killed under the following circumstances: "The rebels found themselves under a quadruple fire of musketry and artillery, which caused them to throw down their pieces and raise their arms in token of surrender. Gen. Cutler sent Capt. Daly of his staff to receive them as prisoners. Our men having ceased firing, Capt. Daly told Hagood that he had been sent to receive him and his brigade as prisoners, when, without saying a word, Hagood drew his revolver and shot Daly. The captain lived half an hour, long enough to make a statement. Hagood, following the shooting of Daly called on his men to pick up their muskets and fall back, which they attempted to obey. Our men again fired when they threw down their pieces again. This time they gave themselves up as prisoners. The second volley added a great number to the killed, among whom was Hagood who was shot through the head."

The campaign in the Shenandoah, as reported by telegraph, furnishes few tangible points. The rebels at last accounts had advanced to the line of the Potomac and had doubtless been recently largely reinforced. What their designs may be time will alone reveal.

The rebel Gen. Forrest, about as annoying a case as the West have to deal with, made a raid into Memphis on the morning of the 21st ult. with a cavalry force about 3000 strong. His object seems to have been to capture Gen. Washburn and the other generals and so, our troops being without orders, to plunder the city. But a good Providence frustrated his plans. They failed to capture a single general of the three who were in the city, and being vigorously attacked by our soldiers were obliged to retreat without plunder, and with a loss of 30 killed and 100 wounded.

The latest dispatches from Mobile were to the effect that Fort Morgan was closely invested by our troops, they being within 300 yards of it, and that a general assault would soon be made.

At Atlanta things were progressing favorably. Gen. Kilpatrick had returned from his raid upon the Macon railroad without serious loss. He effectively destroyed two miles of the road, and brought in one piece of artillery and 70 prisoners.

Since the above was written the telegraph, which has been silent since Friday last, has begun to work again. We add the following: The rebels on the 25th ult. attacked our troops stationed on the Weldon road several times, with the utmost desperation, bnt were each time repulsed, and finally withdrew leaving their dead and wounded on the field. A dispatch from Gen. Grant, dated the 26th ult. says: "Their loss of the Weldon road seems a blow which the enemy can't stand. I think I don't overrate the enemy's loss in the last two weeks at 10,000 killed and wounded. We lost heavily but most were captured." The latest news declares that the rebels no longer dispute our possession of the road. A force of our men had been sent out to destroy it effectually for forty miles. It is reported, and the report has been confirmed, that among other important losses to the enemy in recent battles, Gen. A. P. Hill has been mortally wounded, and Col. Fitz Hugh Lee, son of the rebel chieftain, killed.

On our first page is a part of the appeal, made by the new Secretary of the Treasury, to the people of the country for a loan to be made to the National Government. We commend the loan to capitalists, to those who have means to spare, to all loyal citizens. "Greenbacks" can be thus invested so as to yield fair returns, while the nation is also benefitted. All dollars thus loaned will help to fight the good fight, and to keep faith with honor. Another billion of dollars, and another million of men, may be needed still. We shall secure their worth an hundred fold.

MARRIED.

In this city, August 25th, by the Rev. H. A. Sawtelle Michael Dillon of this city, to Mary A. Potts, of Philadelphia, Pa.

In this city, Aug. 27th, by the Right Rev. Bishop Kip, Isaac Hartman to Edna, daughter of the late Dr. Gardner, of Harlem, N. Y.

In this city, Aug. 23d, by Rev. J. Dickinson, Daniel Barlow, of Howland Flat, Sierra county, to Jane Wren, of New Philadelphia, Pa.

In this city, August 22d, by the Rev. Dr. Hendrickson, Daniel C. Breed to Ellen E. Hastings, daughter of N. Hastings, all of this city.

In this city, August 29th, by the Rev. H. Goodwin, A. Scott Tidball to Cinderella Peplow, both of San Francisco.

In this city, August 25th, by the Rev. O. P. Fitzgerald, Louis F. Knight to Eva Kessel.

At Little York, August 17th, E. H. Gaylord to Olive S. Miller.

In Watertown, Wisconsin, August 9th, Asa R. Wells, of this city, to Mary L., youngest daughter of Judge J. A. Hadley.

In Sacramento, August 16th, Wm. Berry to Mrs. M. A. H. Rolland, both of Folsom.

In Folsom, August 11st, Laforest Wilson to Mrs. Ann Yolt.

In Virginia City, N. T., August 18th, Isaac F. Thompson to Francis L. Dyas.

In Santa Rosa, Sonoma county, August 7th, E. P. Philbrick to Mary J. Knowles.

In Truckee Meadows, August 1th, Henry M. Frost to Polly Breusch.

At Rattlesnake Bar, August 21st, James Ritchie to Sarah Kearney.

In Nevada, August 23d, Charles W. Aubrey to Maria Skivington.

On board steamship America, July 6th, by the Rev. Mr. Mitchell, Edward G. Curtice, to Elenora L. Woods, all of San Francisco.

DIED.

In this city, August 23d, Rufus N. Atherton, late pilot of the steamer Washoe, a native of Maine, aged 38 years.

In this city, Aug. 26th, Samuel Frederick, only son of Samuel E. and Emma A. Holcombe, aged 16 months and 8 days.

In this city, George Washington Healy, only son of J. W. and Margaret Healy.

In this city, August —, H. Heinberg, aged 57 years.

In this city, August 17th, Ralph Clark, a native of Michigan, aged 30 years.

In this city, August 22d, Elias Valenberg, a native of Kurland, Russia, aged 59 years.

In this city, August 17th, Ralph Clark, a native of Michigan, aged 30 years.

In this city, August 26th, Elizabeth, daughter of Henry F. Williams, aged 7 years 6 months and 26 days.

In this city, August 27th, Paul Torquet, a native of Bolbec, (Seine Inferieur,) France, aged 37 years.

In this city, August 26th, Henry Bloch, aged 30 years.

In this city, August 29th, Lizzie, daughter of H. and Emma Manheim, a native of Arcata, Humboldt Bay, aged 2 years 8 months.

In this city, Aug. 26th, in City and County Hospital, David Chambon, aged 82 years.

In this city, Aug. 26th, at City and County Hospital, Timothy Henry.

In this city, August 30th, Emily F., wife of James N. Pratt, aged 31 years.

In this city, Aug. 29th, in City and County Hospital, Albert Baker, a native of Vermont, aged 47.

In Aurora, N. T., August 20th, R. D. Smith, aged 30 years.

At Laurel Wood Farm, August 26th, William, youngest son of the late James Donahue, aged 5 years and 9 months.

In Sacramento, August 19th, Caroline Amelia, daughter of Charles B. and Alice Rhoades, aged 2 years 3 months and 25 days.

In Stockton, August 18th, Sarah, wife of Thos. H. Thompson, aged 20 years.

In Marysville, August 18th, Emma R., daughter of Geo. P. and E. Hunt, aged 4 years.

In Downieville, August 15th, John A., son of E. M. and Mary E. Dewey, aged 9 years 9 months.

In Downieville, August 16th, Jennie, daughter of W. Ford and Sallie Thomas, aged 5 years, 8 months.

At Lower Humbug, Siskiyou county, August 13th, Adeline, daughter of Evan and M. J. Dudley, aged 5 years 7 months.

In Vallejo, August 16th, Mrs. Silvey Burns, aged 50 years.

In Sacramento, August 20th, Adelia S. daughter of E. and Maria D. Gunn, aged 1 year 9 months.

At Shaler's ranch, Franklin township, Sacramento county, August 19th, Mary T. Wach, a native of Michigan, aged 25 years.

In Orovilie, August 15th, George W. Harmon, aged 32 years.

In Big Bar, North Fork Feather river, August 10th, Demon Gentis.

In Sacramento, August 22d, S. B. Robbins, a native of Bennington, Vermont, aged 52 years.

In Folsom, August 13d, A. K. Aldrich, aged about 28 years.

In Oakland, August 22d, Mattie, youngest daughter of Judge S. B. and Sarah A. McKee, aged 2 years 6 months.

In Millville, Shasta county, August 19th John Bradley, aged 36 years.

Near Volcano, August 9th, Delia Foster, aged 2 years 4 months.

San Francisco Jobbing Prices Current

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY DODGE BROS.,
Wholesale Provision Merchants, 406 Front street.

Flour, extra, ₱ bbl	10 00 @10 50
Do Superfine	9 00 @ 9 50
Corn Meal, ₱ 100 lb	4 50 @— —
Wheat, ₱ 100 lb	3 25 @ 3 40
Oats, choice, ₱ 100 lb	2 50 @ 2 75
Barley, ₱ 100 lb	3 00 @ 3 15
Beans, ₱ lb	— 2½@— 4
Potatoes, ₱ lb	— 3½@— 4
Hay, ₱ ton	22 00 @28 00
Live Oak Wood, ₱ cord	7 — @ 8 —
Beef, on foot, ₱ lb	— 1 @— 4
Beef, extra, dressed, ₱ lb	— 2 @— 7
Sheep, on foot, ₱ lb	— 1½@— 2
Hogs, on foot, ₱ lb	— 4 @— 5½
Hogs, dressed, ₱ lb	— 8 @— 10
Groceries, Etc.	
Sugar, crushed, ₱ lb	— 15 @— 16
Do China, ₱ lb	— 11½@— 13
Coffee, Costa Rica, ₱ lb	— 21 @— 23
Do Rio, ₱ lb	— 20 @— 22
Tea, Japan, ₱ lb	— 70 @— 72½
Do Green, ₱ lb	— 80 @— 85
Carolina Rice, ₱ lb	— 9½@— —
China Rice, ₱ lb	— 5½@— 6½
Coal Oil, ₱ gall	— 65 @— 75
Candles, ₱ lb	— 17 @— 19
Ranch Butter, ₱ lb	— 40 @— 55
Isthmus do ₱ lb	— 30 @— 35
Cheese, California, ₱ lb	— 12½@— 17
Eggs, ₱ doz	— — @— 55
Lard, ₱ lb	— 15 @— 16
Ham and Bacon ₱ lb	— 15 @— 18
Shoulders, ₱ lb	— 10 @— 12½

SPECIAL NOTICES.

A "Cough," "Cold," or Irritated Throat,

If allowed to progress, results in serious Pulmonary and Bronchial affections, oftentimes incurable.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

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THE FARM.

TO GOD'S AFFLICTED PEOPLE.

Oh Christian, be patient and trust in the Lord,
He never will leave thee; have faith in his word,
Though friends may forsake thee and grieved thou mays't be
Thy God will be faithful forever to thee.

What though the thick darkness now hangs o'er thy head,
And deep seem the waters through which thou must tread,
He'll dry up the fountains and thou shalt pass o'er,
Thy light he will be on the opposite shore.

Behold how he walketh abroad in the world,
His armies are marshalled with banners unfurled,
Oppressors are vanquished, the poor are set free,
And shelter themselves beneath Liberty's tree.

Oh who will oppose him, who stand in his way,
As onward he moves like the coming of day,
Will creatures whose lives are sustained by his power
Their maker oppose in this terrible hour?

Oh Christian take courage, have nothing to fear,
The signs are propitious, salvation is near,
The dawn of the morning betokens the day,
The night of thy sorrow is passing away.
—*Petaluma Journal.*

ON THE MANAGEMENT OF POULTRY.

Poultry, we understand to mean ducks of the different species, geese, Guinea fowls, peacocks, turkeys, chickens, etc., in their different varieties. As the space devoted by the *Farmer* to the treatise on poultry is too small for the whole, I shall speak of the management of those most common.

TURKEYS AND CHICKENS.

There is as much difference in the management of these as there is in the management of children, with about the same results. There, observe the full fed, self-satisfied, matronly look of that hen! She picks around for her own amusement; here a worm, and there a bone, or charcoal, or broken oyster shell, and soon she is off to lay her accustomed egg, which, when done, is published to the world, with strong lungs and good digestive organs. Then look on the other side of the picture; the poor, puny pale comb of the ill-fed hen, one leg under her, while she has hardly strength to balance herself with the other. Into all kinds of mischief; the farmer's pest. We hear him exclaim—"I never saw such hens in my life! We must change the breed! Here we have to buy eggs at twenty-five cents a dozen, and have ever so many hens!"

Then, again, behold the full-fed monarch of the yard! How haughtily he spreads his wings in the sun's rays, seeming to understand his nobility among his feathered wives, who, from their docile, happy looks, never venture we presume to dispute his right of sway.

On the other hand, did you ever see a lean turkey? If not, I will not mar this page by describing one.

Turkeys need about the same kind of management as that of chickens in respect to food, etc., though I think turkeys require less care. I have seen the best results from feeding them near the house for two or three weeks, with equal quantities of corn meal and curd from sour milk, and then leaving them to scratch for themselves; save once in a while looking after them with feed to keep them from straying far away.

This kind of food (curd and a little meal,) is the best food for young chickens, and even when older they prefer it to any other. They should not be kept too long in the coop, as their growth will be very much retarded, and they will be subject to many diseases. From two to three weeks I think long enough for them to remain in the coop.

Corn, without change of food, will fatten poultry; but they will fatten in much less time on corn with boiling water poured over it, and some kernels of wheat scattered through it.—*Genessee Farmer.*

SALTING CHEESE.

In salting cheese the general practice of dairymen is to draw the curd or whey, and then apply salt, in proportion of one pound of salt (a pure article) to from forty to fifty pounds of cheese, according to the time cheese is designed to be marketed. The question has occurred to many, whether the salt could not be more easily incorporated by salting the milk, or applying it after coagulation and when the curd is sufficiently cooked. From experiments made in salting milk, it seems the cheese manufactured was of good quality, but the proportion of salt required was at the rate of three and a quarter ounces to the gallon of milk, or eight pounds two ounces of salt to forty gallons, or about forty pounds of cheese. The objection to salting in the milk is, that the whey is unfit for pigs, and the large quantity of salt required. Mr. D'Angiles, of Oneida county, N. Y., has recently advocated the plan of salting the whey. His method is briefly as follows:

When the curd is about sufficiently cooked, most of the whey is drawn off, leaving just sufficient to hold the mass in a loose and finely divided state; the salt is then applied, and stirred through the mass. The advantages claimed are, that much labor is saved, that salt is more evenly distributed through the curd, which is not bruised, and the oily particles pressed out by rough handling.

This method is being adopted by some, the proportion of salt used being graduated by the amount of whey in the curd at the time of salting, and the character of the cheese to be manufactured.—*Trans. N. Y. Agricultural Society.*

To Preserve Flowers in Form and Color.

The *Ohio Farmer* has the following directions upon this subject:

Procure a quantity of fine sand and wash it until it is entirely free from all dirt, and the water comes from it clear. Then with a fine sieve sift from it all the particles. It should then be sifted with a coarse sieve, taking from it all the coarse particles. The sand now, being perfectly dry, is ready for use. Place it in a dish, which should correspond in depth with the length of the flower stems which are to be used for drying. The flowers when picked should be perfectly dry or exempt from rain or dew. Insert the flower stems in the sand to the base of the flowers. Then with a steady hand sprinkle the sand evenly over the flowers until they are completely imbedded. Place them in a very dry place, either near the fire or in the sun, and let them remain several days. When perfectly dry the sand may be poured off. Double flowers with stiff petals are most easily preserved, but most varieties will well repay the little trouble and care required by this simple process.

PRESERVATION OF EGGS.—The best method I know of to preserve eggs, is to fill the pores of the shell with fresh, clean lard, so as to exclude all the air. It is my opinion that this simple and easy method is preferable to any now in use. Some put them in lime water; some lay them down in salt; some put them in saw dust. But the lime cooks them, so that they have a dried appearance; salt has a similar effect, while eggs saturated with lard, as far as my experience goes, open fresh and nice.—*Cor. Cultivator.*

[From the Mercantile Gazette and Prices Current.]

THE WOOLEN MANUFACTURE.

Whatever may be the effect of the war in other respects upon the condition of the American people (and we believe that in the end it will prove the greatest national blessing, politically, economically and socially, the United States have ever known,) this result, at least, will certainly be accomplished—the development of the resources and the promotion of the industrial interests of the country to an extent never before attained.

The natural laws which have been called into operation by this rebellion have necessitated dependence in every way that was possible upon home production, and the vast expenditures of the public money, which were unavoidable, have had the effect of stimulating, in a degree almost miraculous, domestic manufactures. The war, in this respect, has accomplished more in three years than the most sanguine protectionist could hope to achieve in twenty, and the result will be found in the abiding industrial independence of the country, which never more can be shaken while the nation stands, but must go on and strengthen, employing the vast resources with which God has blessed this land, and using the capacity he has given to it, until it has achieved the place of manufacturing supremacy in the earth. Thus every industrial intetest has been promoted. In the absence of precise statistics we cannot tell in what ratio, but we know that the mining interest, as well in gold as in copper, lead and coal, is prosperous beyond all precedent; that the only impediment to its more complete and profitable development is the want of men, and that the prospect now opens of such a development of boundless and varied mineral wealth as the world has never seen.—The iron manufacture, too, in all its branches, from the production of the pig iron to that of the finest products of mechanical art, flourishes to an extent that was not dreamed of five years ago; steel, cutlery, hardware, machinery, all are included in this general description; the progress and prosperity of which we can use no language too strong to tell.

But perhaps no interest has been stimulated so largely and so healthfully as the woolen production. The circumstances of the country were especially favorable to this important industry, the scarcity of cotton, the indispensable need of woolen goods for army use, the unlimited capacity of the country to produce the staple of the manufacture; all combined to foster and promote it, and with what result the present universal prosperity of the woolen manufacturers attests. Nothing like that prosperity in so short a period has ever before been experienced by American producers. This prosperity affects not merely manufacturers, but agriculturalists, as it has established the great business of wool-growing upon a basis that promises the most beneficial results to the agriculture of the country.

We cannot, as we have said, present any exact figures to show the precise progress this industry has made. But we may obtain some approximation to it, from the fact that by the late census it is shown that in the year 1860 the entire consumption of wool in the United States was but *seventy-five* millions of pounds, while in 1863 the importation alone was *seventy* millions of pounds, and the most cautious estimate of the domestic production of that year placed it at *eighty* millions—thus making the entire consumption about double that of 1860, and when the enhanced cost is taken into account, the value of the goods produced must have been four-fold that of 1860.

We congratulate the country upon this encouraging result—to accomplish which we have labored zealously and with such ability as we possess. We anticipate such progress in the production and manufacture of wool as will speedily place this country altogether beyond the reach of foreign competition, and, alike in the abundance of the staple and the quality of the fabric produced, enable us to take the foremost place in the markets of the world.—*Economist.*

Present Aspect of the Cotton Question.

The following is from the London *Daily News*, on the Cotton supply question:

"At the present moment the cotton question is becoming one of serious interest. There is a general disposition to believe that the unfortunate war in the United States is approaching a final issue. On both sides it appears to be held that the conflict between the armies of Grant and Lee must decide the contest. This expectation has prevailed before, but never so generally, or with so much probability as now. It may, indeed, prove erroneous, but it is the part of prudence to anticipate the commercial effect of its fulfillment. The restoration of peace will simply end in the reopening of the greatest cotton market of the world. We know that a large quantity of cotton has been destroyed in military operations; the quantity exported through running the blockade (although this cannot be very large) must also be taken into the account. The most important consideration, however, is, that during the war the growth of cotton must necessarily have been in great part abandoned, in order to raise cereal and other crops for the support of the army and population. Still there must be a large quantity of cotton stored ready to be shipped at any moment to the European markets. Unless our merchants exercise the greatest prudence, this sudden influx of an artificially scarce commodity, and the consequent heavy fall in prices, may prove most disastrous.

The average value of New Orleans middling cotton in 1860, before the war, was 7d per pound. It has now risen to about four times that price. The result of this enormous advance has naturally been to stimulate the production of other and cotton growing countries, and hence we have been large purchasers in Egypt, India, Brazil and elsewhere. The course of trade having thus been diverted into comparatively new channels, some inconvenience has been necessarily felt. The producers who took the place of the Southern States were mostly uncivilized, at least in a great degree, and hence would accept payment only in the precious metals. Their first idea was to take advantage of the opportunity offered them of drawing gold and silver from their customers, and then, as usual, of hoarding it. The money money markets of Europe were therefore disturbed; but as cotton was more vitally necessary than mere coin, the process went on. Besides, however, the ordinary buying of the article, many traders found it advisable to assist the future cultivation of cotton by means of advances.—They were chiefly led to this course by the high prices prevailing at Liverpool, and the consequent prospect of considerable profit. But as all these calculations depend upon the Southern States being shut out of the market, if this preponderating competition should again fairly make its way, they must be entirely upset. The cotton that is being grown in many countries will become comparatively valueless the moment the southern ports of America are re-opened. In any event, prices must fall, and an apparently certain return be converted into a loss. Still our foreign engagements on this score will have to be met. If we have contracted to buy, we must fulfil our bargain. It is one of those peculiar cases where a temporary demand has caused a ready production of an article liable to depreciate at any unforeseen moment, from events entirely beyond the control of individual traders.

One most serious element in the whole matter is the revival of speculation lately at Liverpool, and the heavy imports that are coming forward from India and elsewhere. The total that has been received this year up to the close of last week was 819,486 bales, showing an increase over the same period of 1863 of 311,103 bales. The augmentation is extended over all our chief sources of supply, as shown by the annexed statement of the imports of cotton from the 1st January to the week ending May 18th:

	1863. Bales.	1864. Bales.
America	17,229	97,535
Brazil	61,736	80,571
Egypt	100,192	135,118
Smyrna and Greece	14,814	35,976
West India	6,136	15,924
East India	264,995	222,987
China and Japan	43,366	150,525
	508,271	819,496

As regards Egypt and Brazil, the increase is respectively thirty-five and thirty-two per cent., while our receipts from India are only twenty-two per cent. higher than last year. China and Japan have more than trebled their shipments, the total at present received from these countries being nearly equal to the whole of last year. There also appears to be an increasing quantity of cotton coming forward—the amount of East India known to be at sea for Great Britain being 315,000 bales, against 240,000 last year, and of Chinese 170,000 piculs against 80,000. It is gratifying to observe that the consumption in this country has also augmenten by 212,110 bales. This is said to be in a great degree attributable to the clearing out in India of the stocks of manufactured goods, which has equally stimulated the export from thence of the raw material. Notwithstanding the increased receipts here, cotton continues to rise at Liverpool, and an advance was established last week of 1/16d per pound, the speculative transactions having been very large. It is, therefore, needless to point out that in the present position of affairs the question of the possible re-opening of the Southern States of America becomes extremely critical. The following table shows the estimated stocks of cotton in the United Kingdom on the 18th inst., and at the same period last year:

	1863. Bales.	1864. Bales.
America	40,310	21,100
Brazilian	41,520	28,217
Egyptian and Smyrna	75,590	68,636
West Indian	3,830	2,561
East Indian, China and Japan	174,940	211,606
	335,790	322,589

Emigration to the Territories.

At no preceding time has there been a greater emigration across the great wilderness at the far west than is going on this season. Some accounts estimate the number as high as one hundred thousand persons, mostly families, with wagons, cattle and household goods.—Missouri is largely represented in the emigration, a fact which can hardly be a matter of wonder when we consider the sufferings of the people of that State from the devastations of the present civil war. We presume that there may also be found largely represented in this migratory movement the people of Arkansas, Tennessee and Kentucky, who have lost so much in slaves, live stock and crops since 1861, and who, weary of living upon the border, are determined to seek homes in a region remote from the great conflict.

This emigration is said to be bound chiefly to Colorado; and if that fact be true, the population of that inchoate State will, by the result of the present movement, be raised to the ratio adopted by Congress as a representative basis under the census of 1860, so that it will come into the Union under flourishing auspices. The person who furnishes the information to the St. Louis *Republican* as to the extraordinary number of the emigrants appears to fancy that they are all going to Colorado to hunt gold, and he says that they will be sadly disappointed. We conceive that this is a mistake. The object of these emigrants is not to dig gold, but to find new homes, where land is cheap and labor in demand. They will cultivate the soil, which in many portions of Colorado is very fertile, and well repays the toil of the husbandman.

But they are needed in many other pursuits, such as grist and saw-mills, road-builders, carpenters, bricklayers, blacksmiths, etc. With such abundant mineral and agricultural resources as Colorado enjoys, emigration must ever be welcome; and the emigrants need never want employment while there is so much to do. No doubt a considerable portion of this moving multitude will go to Idaho, Nevada and Montana territories, but Colorado, as the nearest, will receive the largest share, and it will be in the highest degree beneficial to the republic to build up a strong, prosperous and wealthy State in the mountain region.—*Ex. Paper.*

Large Currency Issue Unnecessary.

The excuse assigned for the enormous increase of Government paper money in 1862-'63 was the extraordinary increase of Government expenses—the inability to raise by loans what was required from year to year, and the inability of the State banks to supply the desired circulation. This apology fails to the ground when we are assured by history, that in twenty years of war between England and Napoleon, the expenditures of the former were £1,600,000,000 sterling; her revenue £580,000,000; and that she raised by loans £460,000,000—equivalent to an annual sum of eighty millions sterling, (four hundred millions of dollars,) for current expenditures; fifty millions sterling (two hundred and fifty millions of dollars) annual revenue, and twenty-three millions sterling (over one hundred and ten millions of dollars) annually raised by loans.

These enormous sums, be it remembered, were raised when the whole population of Great Britain did not exceed fifteen millions, or about two-thirds that of the loyal States of this Union, and at a period when the wealth of the people was far less, *per capita*, than in 1850-'60.

Such was the accumulated expenditures of the war with Napoleon, added to the war with the United States, that for four years only, (1813-1816) the British government was called upon to raise £492,000,000, or about six hundred millions of dollars annually.

All this was done, and the twenty years war carried on with France *without the use of any Government paper whatever*, beyond the moderate issues of exchequer bills, as now used. The only paper money adopted to accomplish these payments was that of the Bank of England, which, in 1795, amounted to £14,018,000 in the aggregate; in 1805, £17,871,000; and in 1806, was £27,013,000. This, added to such a severe system of taxation as war always demands, met the exigencies of the public service. It is true that the bank was under suspension of specie payments all this time (1798-1820) but her issues in 1812 were at a discount of only 20 per cent., and in 1814 only 25 to 33 per cent.

No recourse was had to legal tender provisions by the English treasury, in the long and exhausting wars between England and France; but the taxes of eighty millions sterling per annum were paid by a people numbering no more than fifteen millions. Contracts were enforced in gold and silver. The export, import and sale of gold and silver were wisely left to be governed by the law of supply and demand.—*Bankers' Magazine.*

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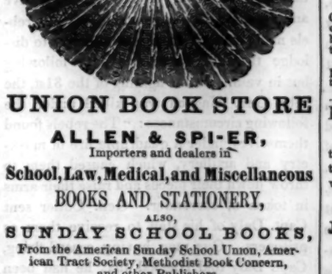

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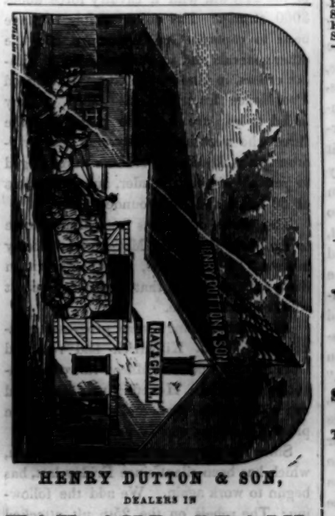

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